

# DEAF-MUTE'S JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## ADORATION

Soft through the trees, borne on the breeze,  
Love strains so tenderly—  
I long to hear, when you are near,  
That haunting melody.  
  
Play once again, that sweet refrain,  
Love mem'ries it will bring  
A magic night, with stars so bright  
Come, dear, let's waltz and sing.  
  
Refrain  
That fascinating waltz, dear,  
Brings love thoughts of you—  
It softly, sweetly calls, dear,  
My love is always true.  
  
Wherever you may go, dear,  
Whatever you may do—  
My every slightest thought is filled with  
adoration,  
Dreaming, dear, of you—  
And all the wide world seems to share my  
admiration,  
Loving you, just you.

## TEDDY'S SILENT APPEAL.

So many things have happened today that I must write them down. If only I could talk, I could tell it all so much better. To begin with, you must know that I am deaf and dumb. Not always, though, for I can remember, when I was a child, of talking to a lovely mother, and could hear the sweet things she used to say to me. I think it was after a long illness that I became deaf and dumb. Anyway, after I no longer had my beautiful mother, I seemed to have been left alone with an old man, and we were very poor indeed. We had not had very much before, but when my life began with the old man it was so much worse that we often had to beg.

At last the old man took me and a bear he had somehow acquired, and we traveled about the country. The bear would dance, and the old man (I called him Sophy to myself) would grind some music from a box. I knew it must have been lovely music, for Sophy always told me about it. Then, when we had a crowd of people about us, I would go around and gather the pennies that people gave us. Often the people would talk to me, not knowing that I could not answer, although I could tell what they said from watching their lips. You see, Sophy taught me that. Sophy taught me many things. He would recite long poems and parts of stories, so I really learned a good deal.

Then came the awful day when Sophy became ill and never got well. It seems no longer ago than yesterday that Teddy and I were left alone. Teddy is very fond of me. He curled himself around me on cold nights, when we had to sleep beside the road, and growled if anyone came near. How I should love to hear him growl! It must be very fierce, judging by the way the people draw away from him.

Last night we wandered out of the village into the country. We ate the little lunch we had and then looked around for a place to sleep. It wasn't very cold, but in the night it rained, and I was wet through when I woke up. It was not far to the next village, where we thought we could earn some breakfast. But somehow, perhaps because of the rain, there were few people out to watch Teddy dance. The organ was heavy, too. I never realized how heavy it must have been for poor old Sophy. We did manage to earn enough for something for Teddy, and I had a glass of milk. We started on again. We were tired and so unhappy that it seemed as if nothing mattered any more. So we sat down beside the road. Teddy poked his nose under my arm. Nothing must ever take Teddy from me, he took such good care of me.

While we were sitting there Teddy raised his head and growled. Thinking someone must be coming, I looked up, but nothing was in sight but a big automobile racing along very fast. Just as it reached us the wheels slipped on the muddy road and the automobile swerved around and almost hit us. Teddy rose up as big as he could. The man in the automobile looked very astonished at seeing us. He did not seem afraid of Teddy. Indeed, there was a faint smile on his face.

He came over and asked us where we were going, and if he couldn't give us a lift. Teddy did not like

this, and growled so much and looked so fierce that I had to put my hand on him. I shook my head, although I would have liked to ride in the beautiful car. But the man went on talking. Then of course I had to take out a pencil and paper which I always carry and explain to the man that I was deaf and dumb. He shall never forget the look that came over the man's face. He just said, "You poor kid." Then he wanted to know how I understood what he said. He asked jokingly if the bear interpreted for me. He talked a long time and I wrote on the paper about ourselves. After I got all through, he told me to get into the car. When I looked at Teddy, wondering if he meant him too, he nodded. So I climbed in the back seat and pulled Teddy with me.

Teddy didn't like to go, but nothing in the world would make him leave me, so he climbed in.

We drove along the country road into quite a big town, where the man stopped before a large house. I have seen many such beautiful houses, of course, but did not know in the least what they were like.

I wondered what the man was going to do, when he opened the door of the car and lifted me out. Teddy almost bit the man. Indeed, he did raise his paw, but I smiled at him, which always tells him everything is all right. I suppose I looked puzzled, for the man said: "I am going to take you into the house and give you and Teddy a good dinner. You both look as if you needed it."

Into the house we went. I never thought there was such a beautiful place in the world. Surely it must be heaven and I would find Sophy there. I didn't, though. The man took me through a long hall into a room where there was a table and lifted me into a chair. You see, I am sixteen, but I am not as big as a girl of 10 or 12. No one thinks I am more than a baby. The man told me to sit there while he went to the kitchen. As he disappeared through a door he turned and said: "For heaven's sake, don't let that bear get away from you."

He soon returned, followed by a lady with such a pretty cap and dainty apron. She put all sorts of good things on the table. Of course I fed Teddy first, and poor Teddy must have thought he had reached bear heaven, for he had never had so much to eat before.

Finally, when he had eaten everything on the table, the man sat down near me, on the opposite side from Teddy.

I guess he may have been a little afraid of Teddy. He told me I was to live in this beautiful house; that there were no little girls there and it would be so nice to have a little girl around the house. When I asked him, on paper of course, if Teddy was included, he said, doubtfully, that the rest of the family might object. Then I very firmly shook my head and began to climb down from the chair. The man said if it was a case of love me, love my bear, of course the bear could stay. We talked a long time and never noticed that Teddy had left my side.

I suppose he was curious and wanted to look around. But all of a sudden the man jumped up and made a race for a door. Then I noticed that Teddy was gone. So I got up, too, and went in the same direction that the man had gone. He afterwards told me that he never heard such a shrieking and screaming in all his life. When I reached the next room, there was Teddy in the middle of another beautiful room and several lovely ladies, frightened out of their wits, trying to get out of his way. Teddy certainly looked mild enough. He must have thought he had got into queerest place.

Teddy by this time seen me and come trotting to my side. Then the man took my hand and led me to a tall, dignified lady, who seemed the most composed.

Evidently the man was telling the lady, who, I afterwards learned, was his mother, that I was coming to live there.

The lady was far from pleased and frowned dreadfully at me. I

## Canadian News

News items for this column, and subscriptions, may be sent to Herbert W. Roberts, 278 Armada Ave., Toronto, Ont.

### TORONTO TIDINGS.

Messrs. James Ewart Hall and Oscar McPeake have gone into poultry raising in this city. How they will succeed remains to be seen.

Mr. Herbert McKenzie and Mr. and Mrs. Eli Corbier, of Aurora, were shaking hands with their numerous friends here on October 23d, having motored down to attend our service.

Mr. David Lawrence has secured a situation as cleaner and presser with Sherren and Co., on Bloor Street West.

Glad to meet Mr. and Mrs. R. M.

Thomas, of Oakville, again who came down on October 23d, to bid us all good-by prior to their departure in November for Fairhope, Ala., where they expect to spend the winter. They stopped over in Chicago for a little while with relatives on their way to the sunny South.

Miss Ella Johnson, who came here from Port Sydney a short time ago to seek a position was successful and is now working at a lamp-shade manufactory on Victoria Street, along with Miss Caroline Buchan, Mrs. Frank Doyle, Miss Ethel Griffith, Freida Ducker and Mrs. Frank Rooney.

Mr. W. R. Watt gave a fine address

at our church on October 22d, taking for his subject: "For to me to live is Christ." Phil 1:21, stating that but for Christ, life would be worthless and lost.

There is no life without Christ. Mrs. Henry Whealy gave the hymn, "All to Christ, I Surrender."

The opening meeting of the Bridgen Club took place on October 21st, and the programme that was prepared at a previous informed meeting was unanimously endorsed, with more added.

Miss Pearl Herman got up and

successfully carried out a surprise party

in honor of Mrs. Walter Bell, on the occasion of the latter's birthday on October 22d.

Mr. Ernest Hackbusch was out to his old home in Hamilton, over the week-end of October 22d, on business.

Miss Edith Ballagh, of Whitby, was in our midst, visiting relatives for a couple of weeks lately. Her young schoolmates were pleased to see her again.

Teddy was allowed to stay with me until bedtime, when a man (Nora called him the butler) came and said he was to take Teddy to the garage. Evidently the butler did not like to do it. He was afraid, too. So I said on some paper, if he must go I would take him. So I took him to the garage. It really was nicer than most places we have ever had to live in. Teddy wanted to go back with me, and I had a dreadful time making him stay. We both cried.

\* \* \*

Teddy, of course, came upstairs with me. Nora, who was filling a gorgeous thing full of water for me to bathe in, did not like Teddy any better than the others did. But I would not get into the tub, as she called it, unless Teddy stayed in the farther corner.

Teddy was allowed to stay with me until bedtime, when a man (Nora called him the butler) came and said he was to take Teddy to the garage. Evidently the butler did not like to do it. He was afraid, too. So I said on some paper, if he must go I would take him. So I took him to the garage. It really was nicer than most places we have ever had to live in. Teddy wanted to go back with me, and I had a dreadful time making him stay. We both cried.

I felt so sorry to leave poor Ted-

dly out there alone that I could not sleep. Finally I got up and crept downstairs without being seen and went out to the garage. The door was locked, but a window was left unfastened, and I climbed in. How glad he was to see me! He wrapped himself around me and we cuddled down for a good sleep. We must have been asleep a long time, for suddenly Teddy jumped and growled. Then someone opened the door just the least bit. It was my friend, the man.

"Here she is," he said. "We

will let Teddy stay upstairs if it is

so necessary to your happiness. We really can't turn out perfectly good garage into a sleeping room."

He took off his coat and wrapped me in it, then picked me up and started back to the house, Teddy joyfully trotting beside us.

When we reached the house, the lady, who was the man's mother said: "John, I do wish you would let that girl walk; one would think she was a cripple."

John only smiled and carried me on upstairs. Teddy curled himself up beside the bed and was soon sleeping.

Teddy by this time seen me and come trotting to my side. Then the man took my hand and led me to a tall, dignified lady, who seemed the most composed.

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tober 23d, and are now happily settled down to their daily routine of married bliss on Wroxeter Avenue.

The deaf of this city learned with much regret of the sudden death in Detroit, on October 23d, of our old friend and former citizen, Mr. John Ulrich, who departed from this dis-

cordant life from the results of an operation of a rupture. The deceased was formerly on the Victoria, B. C., professional hockey team when it won the hockey championship of the world several years ago. He was a graduate of the Winnipeg School and while living in Toronto courted and married Miss Mabel McKenzie, a graduate of the Mackay School of Mont-

real, who was then living here eleven years ago. Since their marriage they have made Detroit their home, where they owned a very nice home. John was very popular with all who knew him and our deepest sympathy goes out to the bereaved widow.

The writer received and forwarded to the Editor subscriptions from the following, who love to read the JOURNAL's newsy pages: Mr. David Bayne, of Ottawa, and Noah Labelle, of Fort Qu'Appelle, Sask.

SARNIA SAYINGS.

Miss Alice Leckie was home from Detroit over Sunday, October 23d, and attended the Byrne meeting that day.

Mrs. Jontie Henderson returned home on October 21st, telling of the grand time she had in Toronto for nearly two weeks and would love to go again.

Mrs. Elwood McBrien has returned to her home here after a few weeks' delightful visit to friends in Toronto and her old home in Peterboro.

Mrs. J. R. Byrne, of Toronto, was up to this city on October 23d, and gave a very splendid sermon to a large audience. The deaf of the country-side and from afar were present.

After the Byrne meeting on October 23d, Mr. and Mrs. Jontie Henderson invited the following for tea:

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Brown, of Rochester, Mich.; Mrs. Frank Hardenberg, Miss Eva Hardenberg and Albert Siess of Pontiac, Mich.; Miss Thelma Heck, of Flint, Mich.; Mrs. Adolph Kresin, of Port Huron, and J. R. Byrne, of Rooney.

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Mr. and Mrs. James Green, of Chesley, called on F. Herbert Brown in Markdale lately and all had a nice time together.

The Misses Sylvia Caswell and Helen A. Middleton, of Niagara Falls, Ont., spent the week-end of October 22d, very pleasantly with the former's relatives at St. David.

Mrs. Leitch has returned to her daughter, Mrs. Jontie Henderson's home in Sarnia, after a seven weeks' stay with relatives.

Mr. George Munro, late of Woodstock, has again gone back to his old job at the Canada Iron Foundries in St. Thomas. The Munros have moved from 11 Scott Street to 39 Manitoba Street in the "Railway City," so friends please note.

Mr. Thomas A. Middleton, of Hornung Mills, has no cause to worry over a potato famine this year for he has just gathered in twenty-three loads of the finest tubers as well as several bushels of sugar beets.

Miss Edith Squires, of Petrolea, was recently in Wyoming, visiting her friend, Miss Jean Wark. Edith and Jean have always been bosom friends, both at home and at school.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Noble and their deaf friend, Isaiah Lyons, of Vancouver, B. C., while out in their auto recently, collided with traffic officer, W. H. Mulligan, in which the officer was severely injured. None of our deaf friends were injured beyond a severe shaking up, but both cars were badly damaged. These three deaf friends are former graduates of the Belleville School.

Those at the Byrne meeting on October 23d, were Mrs. F. Hardenberg and Miss Eva Hardenberg and Albert Siess of Pontiac; Miss Thelma Heck, of Flint; Mrs. A. Kresin, of Port Huron; Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Brown, of Rochester, Mich.; Miss Alice Leckie, of Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. William Wark and daughter, Miss Jean, of Wyoming; Mr. and Mrs. John Mackie, of Dresden; Miss Edith Squires, of Petrolea; Mr. and Mrs. Jontie Henderson; Elwood McBrien, Thomas A. Bissell and Stephen Baines, of this city.

AURORA ANECDOTES.

Mr. and Mrs. Eli Corbier, accompanied by Miss Sarah McKenzie and her friend, motored out to St. Catharines and spent a recent week-end with Mr. Corbier's relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert McKenzie motored up to Cookstown, where they spent the afternoon of October 22d most pleasantly with Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Avarell.

Recently Mr. and Mrs. Herbert McKenzie and daughter, Sarah, made a long motor trip to Muskoka, where they spent a couple of days with relatives.

PHELSTON PEELINGS.

Mr. Wesley Norman, Mayor of Saskatoon, Sask., was a guest of his sister, Mrs. David Lennox, on October 17th, and next day left on a business trip to Montreal, Ottawa and other points east.

We all sympathize with Mrs. David Lennox upon the death of her mother, who passed from this scene on August 2d, at a ripe old age, at her home at Rockhaven, Sask., and was later buried in Saskatoon.

Mr. and Mrs. David Lennox celebrated the silver jubilee of their wedding on August 27th last. The latter was formerly Miss Louisa Norman and their wedding took place at her parental home in Alliston. They spent their honeymoon in Toronto and other points. Both are graduates of the Belleville School and now live on a beautiful farm on Barrie and Wash-

aga highway.

## WATERLOO WEE BITS

On October 23d, Mrs. John A.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 10, 1927.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163rd Street and Fort Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

## TERMS.

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To Canada and Foreign Countries, \$2.50

## CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions, and business letters, to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,

Station M, New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man;  
Whenever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
'Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

## Armistice Day.

TOMORROW, Friday, November 11th, is Armistice Day—the ninth anniversary of the day that ended the terrible World War, in which the men of nations fought to destroy nations, and suffering, bloodshed and death, was the portion of the entire civilized world.

We, who enjoy the blessings of peace, are prone to forget the awful price at which it was bought, in the ease and comforts and pleasures that are afforded us today.

Yet untold numbers of the flower of manhood sacrificed their lives, brought sorrow and sadness to their loved ones, that we might experience the great privilege of peace. In the midst of our rejoicing we should carry in memory their sufferings and hardships and lonely graves in which they lie, "beneath the crosses row on row," in Flanders Fields. We should all try to live nobly, even as they nobly died.

From an Armistice Day poem, written by Curtis Wheeler, we take the subjoined verses.

"Silent, all silent to the passer-by,  
Those lonely mounds, or rows of crosses  
white,  
Beyond the need of bitter words they lie,  
But are they silent to their friends  
to-night?"

"Can we stand while before a crackling fire—  
We, who have gone in peace year after  
year  
Singing and jesting, working again for  
hire—  
Deaf to the message they would have  
us hear?"

"Not while the red of poppies in the wheat,  
Not while a silver bugle on the breeze,  
Not while the smell of leather in the heat,  
Bring us anew in spirit overseas."

"Still shall we hear the voice that fell  
behind  
Where eddying smoke fell like a moun-  
tain wraith,  
And in the din, that left us deaf and  
blind,  
We sensed the muttered message clear  
—Keep faith."

Many people think that the deaf had no part in the war. That is a great mistake. They contributed money freely, and rendered service in every way that was not closed to them because of their deafness.

But more than all, they gave their sons to fight on foreign soil and to serve on warships on the submarine infested seas.

One of the most beautiful avenues in the Borough of Bronx, New York City, named the Concourse, is several miles in length, and on each side is lined with shade trees, and attached to every one of them is a bronze plaque on which is inscribed the name of each Bronx boy who fell in the war. One of these plaques bears the name Enoch George Margraf, who was Principal's Secretary at Fanwood. He was a fine, athletic young man, who could talk fluently by the manual alphabet and the sign language, and mingled freely with the boys of the school in their baseball games. When the sad news of his death on the field of battle reached the school, by order of

Principal Gardner, the educational activities ceased for the day.

May the memories that this Armistice Day brings to all make us more loyal citizens and endow each with still more fervid patriotism for the Republic of the United States.

## IN DIXIELAND.

## NEWS AND COMMENT.

This scribe recently started an investigation for the purpose of finding out just how many of our Southern deaf owned and conducted their own businesses. We are endeavoring to gather all the business statistics, State by State, that we can for use of our State Association's Statistical Bureau. The first State from which we have obtained somewhat of a satisfactory record is North Carolina, and we give it below, as we believe it will prove interesting reading for the deaf at large to know just how many of their kind have made good in the business world in the "Tar Heel" State.

Beside about twenty or more owners of fine, wealth-producing farms owned by the deaf in various sections of that State, there are about thirty-five or more in the professions, and owning other businesses, among which are:

- 1 Barber shop
- 1 Job Printing shop
- 2 Garages
- 3 Poultry ranches
- 1 Rubber stamp shop
- 1 Large peach and apple farm
- 1 Plumber Shop, of which W. R. Hackney, of Charlotte, is President and Treasurer. Mr. Hackney is also President of the North Carolina Association of the Deaf.
- 1 Dry Cleaning and Pressing club
- 2 Editor and owners of newspapers
- 1 Jewelry business
- 1 Shoemaker shop
- 1 Blacksmith shop

Of the ministers in that State, Revs. R. C. Fortune and A. C. Miller are the Episcopal and Presbyterian Evangelist, respectively. Rev. Mr. Miller, who was recently ordained, is the only deaf Presbyterian Evangelist, in America, and he is now serving a wide field in North Carolina. Rogers O'Kelly, the only deaf negro lawyer in America, enjoys a good practice in Raleigh. He is also Counsellor for his bank. In the jewelry business, there is our own Thomas W. Hamrick, Jr. Mr. Hamrick is quite a young man, highly educated and a red-blooded Southerner, ready to hurl himself in any fight for the welfare of his fellow deaf. He is associated in the business with his two brothers and serves in the capacity of watch repairer and collector for the firm. The above is a fine record of achievement among the deaf of any State and we doubt that any other State in the South can equal it. Certainly Georgia can't. We will give statistics of other States as soon as we are able to obtain them.

Rev. S. M. Freeman, who has been ill some time at a hospital in Knoxville, Tenn., was brought to Atlanta about ten days ago and carried to St. Joseph's Hospital, to be operated on for some kidney trouble, is said to be doing as well as could be expected. He is not allowed to receive visitors yet, and it will be some time before he will be well enough to be removed to his home.

Miss Annie Lou Lynch, of Mobile, Ala., who has been spending the summer in Atlanta, the guest of the George Haslett and Rose Johnson, has returned to her home in Mobile, much to the regret of a certain young man here.

Misses Virginia Louvorn and Vickie Tolbert are taking a course in beauty culture at one of the schools here. They intend to obtain employment at some beauty parlor when they are graduated.

Mrs. L. B. Dickerson, who was operated on at Wesley Memorial Hospital some time ago, has recovered sufficiently to be taken home.

Mrs. Gwen Dean is now employed at the Norris candy factory, where she has an excellent position.

Leonard McLean has left Atlanta and returned to his home at Andalusia, Alabama.

Holt Willingham, of Macon, and Clarence Morris, of Barnesville, are frequent visitors in Atlanta lately. They motor back and forth in Mr. Willingham's car.

Miss Mae Coe has a good job with the American Hat Company, where she has been employed for the past several years.

The employment situation is still bad in this city. Several of our deaf who have been out of employment for some time have gone elsewhere to hunt jobs, others have taken up peddling soap (something we abominate) to make a living for the time being. Atlanta is not a very good place for anyone in search of work to strike just now.

C. L. J.

Atlanta, Oct. 26.

## RELIGIOUS NOTICE

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf. Will answer all calls.  
J. W. MICHAELS,  
Mountaintop,  
Star Route.

Ark.

## Gallaudet College

The week of October 20-November 5th was ushered in with a Sunday evening talk by the Rev. H. C. Merrill, of Syracuse, New York, who came down to Washington for a few days' visit. His twenty-minute talk was centered about the staunch old sentiment—Faith.

After that, the week sank into a period of dormancy until Wednesday afternoon, when the student body was slightly roused from its torpor by a practice game between the Gallaudet Reserves and the Western High School squad. The most significant feature of this tilt, though not the most pleasant, was that Lau, an up-and-coming back, was rendered hors-de-combat three times, each time promising to be the last. But the doughty Iowan refused to call it a day, and dutifully covered yardage until he was finally forced to the side-line with a wrenched knee. Otherwise, the practice game was devoid of newspaper material, save for the fact that the reserves chalked up a touchdown and garnered the extra point as a matter of course.

The student body turned over and swallowed once more in the slough of routine—not that nothing happened but, unfortunately for the correspondent, a good many things happened which are unprintable. Even Friday night, on which there is usually something doing in the way of socials or whatnot, was without noticeable features, unless we consider as a possibility for discussion the fish served at supper. This plot of the authorities to deprive the students of their beloved meat was adroitly foiled by a descent up the Olive Lunch on H Street.

## GALLAUDET RIDES ROUGHSHOD OVER BLUE RIDGE

In compliance to the determination of our Football management to hold them to the terms of the contract, despite the fact that they were hardly in condition to play such a comparatively strong team as ours, the Blue Ridge grididers showed up at Kendall Green Saturday, November 5, and went back home licking to the tune of a 21-0 score.

The Kendall Greeners showed no disposition to trouble a crippled team, the Blue Ridge team having seven inexperienced players, along with several injured players, and displayed a sportsmanlike inclination to make it as easy for them as possible. It needed no hard work by the Buff and Blue team to pile up three touchdowns in the first half. For the rest of the game, the teams perfuditorily seesawed to and fro on the field, making no touch-downs.

For the first time since his injury in the first game of the season, Captain Happy Byouk was back in active service. He proved to be the same old triple-threat man of yore. He did no kicking that afternoon on account of his knee, which is as yet weak from the terrific twist he got in the St. John's game.

Zieske was obviously the star of the afternoon's game, making all of Gallaudet's three touchdowns, but not without the able assistance of the other backs, Dyer, Hokanson, Miller and Byouk, and Marshall.

After the Kendall Greeners marched steadily down to the Blue Ridge's four-yard line, Zieske took the ball and crashed through for the first touchdown of the afternoon.

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## BOSTON

"Here hath been dawning another blue day,  
Think I will thou let it,  
Slip useless away?  
Into eternity this new-day is born,  
Onto eternity at night 'twill return,  
Behold it a foretime, no eye ever did,  
So soon it forever from all eyes is hid.  
Here hath been dawning another blue day,  
Think, will thou let it,  
Slip useless away?"

October 12th, was donation day at the Home. Over thirty persons were present and a very restful time was had there. Mrs. Fuller, the matron of the home, returned from her vacation, much rested and ready for another year of work. Mrs. Bella Kil-laus also returned to duty as nurse.

Under the splendid direction of Mr. Churchill, the garden at the home provided in abundance to the inmates last summer, and there is a plentiful supply of preserves, ready for the winter's use.

Election of officers for the ensuing year resulted in the election of the following:

Mrs. Viola Hull, of Allston, President; Mrs. Lawrence Clark, of Medford, Vice-President; Mrs. Shaw, Secretary; Mrs. Betts, Assistant-Secretary; Mrs. Cross, Treasurer; Mrs. Mercer, Assistant-Treasurer.

Over fifteen persons were present at the home of Isaac Marcus, on October 16th. Once in every three months, the executives of the M. B. A. meet at one's home and audit their books, also discuss their future prospects and plan for them. After that, all are free to spend an entertaining evening. The very interesting game of twenty-one was played, the writer winning eleven cents. Mr. Marcus was a very witty host, his wife was a still better hostess, but their little son, just two years old, takes the cake.

An executive meeting of the Horace Mann Alumni Association was held at the home of Mrs. Lawrence Clark, vice-president. The Association was formed last January, 1927, and the plans are to provide for more extensive, social, educational and physical training work for the deaf, and to lend aid in promoting measures beneficial to pupils at the H. M. S. Officers for the year 1927 are:

Hyman Lowenberg, President; Mrs. L. Clark, Vice-President; Miss Catherine Doren, Secretary; Mr. Chester Huger, Treasurer.

One very interesting subject was brought up, dealing with oralism and manual training. While we all favor signs as a better means of making ourselves understood, it was agreed upon, that while attending any meeting or social held at the school, we are to favor oralism, outside of the school, signs! Plans were discussed, having an acquaintance party to be held at the school hall, on November 19th. Hark ye, oh! graduates and students of the Horace Mann School, come to our free social, and spend one enjoyable evening in the presence of your Alma Mater. Plans are going on, to make the evening as entertaining as possible.

Leah Edith Rosenstein is the name of the new female born to the Harry Rosensteins, the most lovable couple in Boston. So, a little one has come to fill with love their hearts and home? Well, here are wishes fond and true to mother, dad and baby, too! Leah Edith weighed seven pounds when born on October 17th. Harry's chest is expanded by two and one half inches, and, ah! he gives out cigars to everyone he meets. He says, he don't know whether she looks like his wife or himself, because there is not much to look at.

One of the best socials of the year to be held at the church, by the St. Andrew's Silent Mission, was the Romantic Eve Social on October 19th, under the direction of Mrs. Leslie Mitchell. We all had one great evening. Her brother-in-law, Paul Mitchell, amused everyone with his witicism. Forfeit, spin the platter, and fortunes told blind-folded, were a few of the interesting and amusing games played.

Refreshments, consisting of cake, cookies, goodies, cocoa and squash were served. Everyone went home with full stomachs and light hearts. There will be no social in November, because the church sale comes on the 9th. Come all ye, bargain seekers, and get your money's worth! The ladies will have a cafeteria, so if you like good food, come and get some! Everything will be in full swing by 1:00 P.M.

The Clark School Alumni Association gave a whist and dance at Yankee Division Hall, on October 22d. From 7:30 to 10:00 P.M., whist was played, and from 10 P.M. to 12 P.M., the ladies danced, while the gentlemen perspired. The Association held a very successful social function!

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Muller quietly celebrated their thirteenth wedding anniversary, by inviting a few friends to a dinner and a show in town. We went to the Gayety, a burlesque show, and saw Tommy "Bozo" Snyder, the man who never speaks. You would think he was deaf to look at his acting, and, gosh! can he make you laugh? Everything went along beautifully, except that the gentlemen present in our company suffered from acute eyestrain, due to the dancing shebas. The funniest thing about this all is that Mrs. Miller is superstitious and as thirteen is bad luck, she burned all her rolling pins before attending the burlesque show! Holy Cats!!

Miss Minnie Cohen, daughter of Percy Goff, of Delaware, Wis., and Arthur Spears, of Racine, Wis., were guests of Mr. Frank Cholowski at Evanston, Ill. Miss Alma Spears, of Racine, and Miss Winona Maertz were guests of the writer's aunt, Mrs. N. J. Sullivan. They went to the Silent A. C., where a Hallowe'en party was held October 29th.

This party was given by the S. A. C., October 29th. There was quite a large attendance. We had a "500" party, also other games played. We, indeed, had a grand time.

Miss Minnie Cohen, daughter of

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Cohen, of Rockway, was the recipient of one of the best Hallowe'en and birthday parties held in a very long time. The rooms were decorated too sweet for words. Orange and black everywhere. Soft lights were used, and the effect was stunning.

Mr. Sam Slotnick won two prizes, at a balloon bursting contest. Mrs. Elias Dulman also won two prizes for the same games.

Mr. Harry Rosenstein won the apple bobbing contest, also Mrs. Robert McCarthy. Refreshments were egg and salmon sandwiches, cup cakes, cookies, coffee and fruit. Then kissing games were played. Mr. J. D. Donohue, was one of the popular kissing gentlemen. He is an old time graduate of Fanwood. He and the writer had a very good time discussing the various subjects and exchanging jokes. Miss Minnie received thirty dollars, as a gift of love and respect from her friends. "Kirby Kat."

## CHICAGO.

### INTRODUCTION

Friends and critics, permit me to introduce the new conductor of the Chicago column of this national newspaper of the deaf—Frank Walter Spears, Jr., of 6700 Sheridan Road, Chicago.

The name sounds familiar? Yes; his father was one of the only two non-Michiganders in the fifteen immortal charter members of what is today the million-dollar National Fraternal Society of the Deaf!

Spears, Jr., is twenty-three, a graduate of the Wisconsin School, and a Union linotype operator earning \$63 or more per week. There will never be an organization of the deaf equaling the N. F. S. D., for him to enroll in as a charter member, so he is ably upholding the honored name of Spears in other lines. Faithful Frats are hereby requested to give him full co-operation; and others are invited to do likewise, for the greater glory of Chicago. We old 'uns run tall forever; our future depends on the up-and-coming Flaming Youth. Give the kids a hand, and send him your news.

I thank you.

J. FREDERICK MEAGHER.

Mrs. Edward E. Carlson will manage a fine "500" and buncro party at the Home for Aged Deaf, 4539 South Parkway, Friday evening, November 18th, and expects to have about fifty prizes. That means a big crowd will come out to help a worthy cause. Remember, you may be old and helpless yourself, some day. Let's all go!

A dozen friends gave Jim Meagher a birthday party at his new home, October 23d. His aged mother came up from Kentucky to help celebrate.

After five years or so on the Pacific Coast, Adolph Struck is back in Chicago.

Every Sunday now the Tribune and the Herald-Examiner (each with a circulation of over a million) run Gallaudet's score in the list of big college football games. We all feel mighty proud of Gallaudet College, even though so few of us went there. In past years, the Gallaudet results were run only once or twice.

The papers here of October 24th say Leonard Downes, a deaf man of Maryland, will pitch for the Washington Americans next Spring.

The Frank Neyens have moved to Muscatine, Iowa.

John Jasch, of Gray, and Walter Burrier, of Hobart, both being Indiana men, are frequent visitors to local socials.

President Paul Bellings resigned as custodian of the Silent A. C., after several months of faithful toil.

Mrs. Peter Schat, of Akron, O., is here visiting her mother.

Tiny Jim Meagher, for the past seven years conductor of this column, used to make fun of the Swedes. Yet two weeks ago, the Meaghers moved way out to the Northwest Side, in the midst of the Swede colony. The Meaghers were the very last of the forty-five deaf who used to live within three blocks radius of the Silent A. C., before the negroes moved in, to move away. That ends forever what used to be "Flickville."

Both Rev. Flick and Mr. F. Gibson, the frat officials, have been sick lately. Gibson is back on the job, but Rev. Flick's doctor ordered him to take two months' complete rest.

Mrs. Tanzar was presented with a diamond ring by her husband, as a birthday gift.

Mrs. Ralph Jessie Sturdevant, of Lincoln, Neb., spent a week here visiting her brother, Fred Lee.

Mr. Ralph Weber, spent the week-end, October 22d, with his friends, Mr. Otto Ballman in Detroit, Michigan.

Mrs. Vera Tinney, of Delavan, Wis., was a guest of Miss Mary Stein, October 29th. They attended the Hallowe'en party at the S. A. C.

Percy Goff, of Delaware, Wis., and Arthur Spears, of Racine, Wis., were guests of Mr. Frank Cholowski at Evanston, Ill.

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FRANK SPEARS, JR.

## OMAHA.

The Iowa Hawkeye is living up to its sub-title "The Midwest news magazine for the Deaf" and is chock full of what some folks call western breeziness. Editor Anderson sure knows how to get after folks and make them cough up the news." Success to them both.

Eugene Fry is a live wire these days. Besides attending to his growing business as a commercial advertiser, he takes a personal pride in the Hawkeye, and also made a new and attractive heading for the more conservative Nebraska Journal, with a sketch of the new State capitol. He is actively interested in the Fontenelle Literary Society and even hopes that before very long we will have a club house for the deaf. No time to get married, "but all the girls, they smile on me," both married and single. Don't forget, Eugene, that the old bachelors fall the hardest and they don't always pick the kind of peach folks expect them to. The writer favored a new club house several years ago, but he had no backing. We wish you better luck this time.

Another Nebraska-Iowa romance Perry E. Seely, formerly of Omaha, and Miss Emma Johnson, a native of Iowa, were married in Los Angeles, Cal., on July 15th. They are living in that city, where Mr. Seely is a printer.

On Saturday, October 22d, Mrs. J. Schuyler Long entertained the local "Owls" at a prettily appointed bridge-luncheon at the Chieftain Hotel. The invitations sent out were miniature paper owls.

There was plenty of dignified hooting, which did justice to the spirit of the occasion, and the weather was ideal. Two tables for Bridge were kept busy on the mezzanine floor. Mrs. Harry G. Long and Mrs. Tom L. Anderson carried off first and second prizes, an artistic scoring bridge set and a velvet stuffed owl, which started a run on a local shop for more owls.

Mrs. Long certainly knows how to do things up in style. Several of the Omaha "owls" remained in town for the Frats' autumn party that evening.

Council Bluffs Division, No. 103, held an apple and cider party in the Division's new hall on Saturday, October 22d. Interesting games were played and a large crowd present, including the Stikkerves of Shenandoah, Ia. The John A. Robinsons and Olaf Larsen of Des Moines, Ia., came in to help. The

evening was warm. Looks like they will have to get a larger hall to hold the crowd in the future.

Willard May left his wife and four children, the middle of October, to depend on charity and friends. He had been employed at an Omaha textile factory for some time, but was laid off, and being out of work for so long with a large family of little ones was evidently too much for him. Some people think he has gone to a ranch in Iowa. This is an unusual case, and Mr. May as well as his family has the sympathy of the general public.

### HAL AND MEL.

### Portland Oregon

The vaudeville with ten acts, which was played on Saturday night, October 29th, under the auspices of the S. F. L. Club, was a compete success. About 130 deaf turned out to see one of the best shows staged by the Portland deaf.

Some came from as far as Tacoma and Camas, Wash., and other outside towns to attend the event. The first act was The Spirit of S. F., showing the reason every Portland deaf lady should become a member. Second act—in "Cutting Father's Pants," the mother had already cut a piece from the pants legs. Mother goes out, daughter comes in, also father and asks if pants are cut. Daughter then cuts another piece from legs of the pants. Another daughter is told by father to hurry his pants, cuts more off, not knowing they were cut twice before, then father puts pants on only to find they were cut clear above the knee and gets very angry. The third act was a short talk on dressing, and fourth act, the Black Bottom Dance, by little Rose Kautz, in a sailor suit. Next was "She is Calling Me," then "A Doctor's Operation."

"Maggie and Jiggs," was played as shown in the comical section of newspapers. Next act was "Monkey Shines." The last act, the Alphabet Song and Dance, by three of the S. F. L. actors.

The ladies in the cast of characters were:

Mrs. C. H. Linde.....Mrs. White  
Mrs. B. L. Craven.....Mrs. Brown  
Mrs. J. O. Reiche.....Mrs. Green  
Mrs. C. A. Fisher.....Mrs. Pink  
Mrs. C. W. Lee.....Mrs. Red  
Mrs. A. Eden.....Mrs. Black

The show was directed by Mrs. Linde. The event ended with fine refreshments, and all left at midnight, satisfied that they all enjoyed a good evening.

Next will be the Grand Ball, on December 31st, at the Temple of the Woodmen of the World. Two hundred

Mrs. R. Linde mourns the loss of her aged father, who died at the ripe old age of 82, in Missouri, last September. Being so far away, Mrs. Linde was unable to reach there in time for the funeral. Our deep sympathy goes out to Mrs. Linde in her great loss.

Mr. Geo Young, of Portland, came near losing his left arm, from blood poison resulting from an injury while cutting wood at his home, but is now out of danger, his hand healing fine. The mother of Mr. Robert Seibert, a baker, died recently. Mr. Seibert is well known by Portland deaf, having lived here for many years. We all extend our deep sympathy in the loss of his beloved mother.

Miss Ethel Morton was quite sick at Salem, where she is employed at the deaf school, but is now about and doing fine.

H. P. N.

Oct 31st, 1927.

## The Capital City.

Hallowe'en celebration in this city was sane and safe.

The Deaf joined the 20,000 revelers parading the streets where the Hallowe'en spirit prevailed. Costumes and disguises of every nature and description were worn by them. While the curb and building fronts were lined with people who witnessed the revelry.

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## The Water-Bottle Market

The old-fashioned skin water-bottle of Bible days is still in general use in the East, and at Hebron, in Palestine, there is a big water-bottle market, the strangest-looking market in the world.

Sometimes thousands of goat-skins, all fully inflated to show that they are water-tight, are laid out on the ground in rows for the inspection of likely customers, and a thriving business in these queer vessels is carried on.

The skins are cleaned out and elaborately tanned, and are then smoked, a practice referred to in the 19th Psalm, where the writer says: "I am become like a bottle in the smoke." The openings at the feet and neck are sewn up, only one hole being left open for pouring in and drawing out the water, wine, or other liquid carried. Owing, however, to the effect of the sun's heat, which would crack the skins, these primitive bottles have to be smeared with oil or grease.

When the bottle market is being held, the sight of all these inflated skins lying in rows on the ground is very curious, and gives the impression of hundreds of animals on their backs with their legs in the air, — Exchange.

## ST. ANDREW'S SILENT MISSION.

New England Dioceses

Rev. J. Stanley Light, Missionary

Boston, Mass., every Sunday at 11 A.M., in Trinity Parish House, Copley Square. Holy Communion on 4th Sundays of the month.

Providence, R. I., on 2d and 4th Sundays of the month at 3 P.M., in Grace Church Guild Room.

Hartford, Ct., on 1st and 3d Sundays of the month at 3 P.M., in Christ Church Cathedral.

Service held in New Haven, Bridgeport and Waterbury, Ct.; Pittsfield, Springfield, Worcester, Lowell, Lawrence and Danvers, Mass., Portland and Lewiston, Maine, by appointment.

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Chile Copper 5%

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## SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM

Investment Bonds

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Correspondent of  
LEE HIGGINSON & COMPANY

## PROTECTION

Your boy or girl, (if over 10 years old and in good health) can now obtain Life Insurance in this Company.

You will be surprised to know how little it costs and how much it is going to mean to him or her later on.

Start your child on the sure road to Thrift. He or she will eventually have the same need for life insurance protection that you have.

**NOTE:** Deaf-mutes also have the privilege of insuring in this Company at same rates as to hearing persons.

MARCUS L. KENNER

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Office:— 100 West 21st Street, N. Y.

Residence:— 200 West 11th Street, N. Y.

RESERVED FOR THE  
NEW JERSEY DEAF-MUTE SOCIETY  
JANUARY 28, 1928

## FRAT FROLIC

under auspices of

## Philadelphia Div. No. 30

N. F. S. D.

to be held at

## TURNGEMEINDE HALL

Broad St. and Columbia Ave.

on

Saturday evening, February 18, 1928.

Subscription, One Dollar

Music Cash Prizes for Costumes

## RESERVED

## Brooklyn Division, No. 23

## ANNUAL

## Masquerade Ball

at

## ARCADIA HALL

(Capacity 3,000)  
Broadway and Halsey Street  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Saturday evening, March 3, 1928

PARTICULARS LATER

RESERVED FOR  
BROWNSVILLE SILENT A. C.

JANUARY 28, 1928

PARTICULARS LATER

Many Reasons Why You Should Be a  
Frat

BROOKLYN DIVISION, No. 23, N. F. S. D. meets in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the first Saturday on each month. We offer exceptional provisions in the way of Life Insurance and Sick Benefits and unusual social advantages. If interested write B. Firewald, Secretary, 43 Parkville Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

## Manhattan Division, No. 87

NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY of the Deaf, meets at the Deaf-Mutes Union League, 143 West 125th Street, New York City, first Monday of each month. For information, write the Secretary, Max M. Lubin, 22 Post Avenue, Inwood, New York.

## Bronx Division, No. 92, N. F. S. D.

The value of Life Insurance is the best position in life. Ages limited from 18 to 55 years. No red tape. Meets at Vasa Castle Hall, 149th Street and Walton Avenue, every first Monday of the month. If interested, write for information to division secretary, Albert Lazar, 644 River side Drive, New York City.

## Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.,

143 West 125th St., New York City.

Club Rooms open the year round. Regular meetings on Second Thursdays of each month, at 8:15 P.M. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles welcome. Marcus L. Kenner President; Anthony Capelle, Secretary, 143 West 125th Street, New York City.

## Evangelical Association of the Deaf

A UNION CHURCH FOR ALL THE DEAF.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

Rev. Clarence E. Webb, Minister. Prof. J. A. Kennedy, Assistant.

Service and Sermon every Sunday 3 P.M.

Congregational Church at 845 S. Hope St.

Address all communications to the E. A. D., 3955 S. Hobart Boulevard, Los Angeles. A hearty welcome to all the deaf.

## Detroit Fraternal Club of the Deaf.

2254 Vermont Ave., Cor of Michigan. Open Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays. Michigan Cars pass the doors. Membership open to Frats only. Visitors always welcome.

## Harlem Club of the Colored Deaf

215 West 133d St., New York City.

The object of the club is to promote its Social and intellectual advancement of the colored deaf.

Club room open every Saturday and Sunday nights. Regular meetings on the first Saturday of each month at 8 P.M. Visitors are welcome to the Harlem Silent Club. Clarence Basden, President; William Nixon, Secretary, 2499 8th Ave., New York.

## Eastside Silent Club of Los Angeles, Cal.

4198 Whittier Blvd., Corner Herbert St.

Meets on second and fourth Saturday evenings of each month. Visitors always welcome.

## PAS-A-PAS CLUB

ORGANIZED 1882 INCORPORATED 1891

ROOM 307-8, 81 W. VAN BUREN STREET CHICAGO

Out-of-town visitors are welcome to visit America's Deaf-Mute Premier Club. Stated Meetings First Saturday Chester C. Codman, President Frank A. Johnson, acting President Mrs. Wm. McGann, Secretary 816 Edgecomb Place

Literary Circle Fourth Saturday.

Entertainments, Socials, Receptions Second and Third Saturday.

Address all communications in care of the Club. Rooms open: Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays.

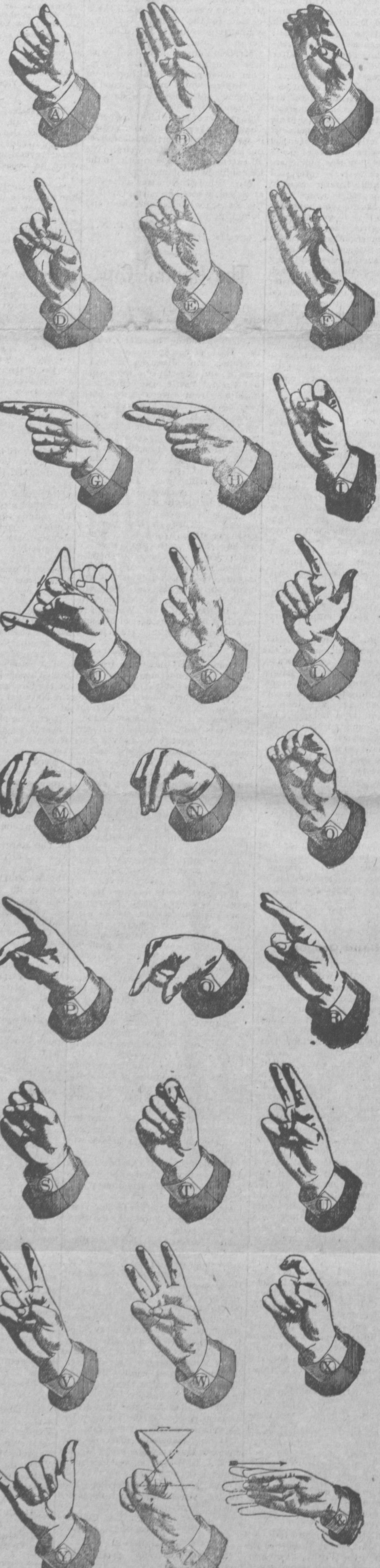
Albert Kroekel (deaf-mute)

703 Camp St., Egg Harbor City, N. J.

Maker of Flower Badges, Hanging Baskets, Fancy Centerpieces in All Colors and Picture Frames, Scroll Sawing, Fine Work, Reasonable Prices.

Call and See, or Order by mail.

## AMERICAN MANUAL ALPHABET.



## FIFTH ANNUAL

## GALA COSTUME MOVIE BALL

Cash Prizes for the Best Imitation of All Well-Known Movie Stars

Under Auspices of

## Manhattan Division, No. 87

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf.

To be held at

## ODD FELLOWS MEMORIAL BUILDING

301-309 Schermerhorn Street—near Nevins Street  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Saturday Evening, November 19, 1927

Music by the jazziest Orchestra of the Black Mask Revelers.

## SUBSCRIPTION

ONE DOLLAR

## ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE

Moses Schnapp, Chairman  
Charles Rosenberg, Adv. Manager  
Henry Plapinger, Treasurer  
Mike Clavolino  
Lester Hyams  
Morris Kremen

## \$50.00 In Cash Prizes \$50.00

NOTE—The amount of \$50.00 reserved for prizes will be divided for costumes judged to be the most unique, original, handsome and comical.

## ANNUAL

## PRIZE MASQUERADE BALL

(For the Welfare Fund)

Given by the Detroit Chapter  
Michigan Association of the Deaf

To be held at

## I. O. O. F. RIVERSIDE TEMPLE

Corner Hubbard Avenue and Baker Street  
Detroit, Michigan

Saturday Evening, November 12, 1927

FIRST CLASS MUSIC

Don't forget to bring your friends. Refreshments served at the Hall.

## Admission, 50 cents—Checking, 10 cents

How to get there—Take Baker-Dix Street Car to Hubbard Avenue, Grand-Belt Car to Dix, corner Junction Avenue, four blocks walk. South Fort Street Car to Hubbard Avenue, four blocks walk. East Lafayette Motor Bus to Hubbard Avenue, one block east.

IVAN HEYMANS, Chairman—1267 Wayburn Ave., Detroit, Mich.  
and the Committee

1907

1928

"Soft peace she brings, wherever she arrives:  
She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives:  
Lays the rough paths of peevish Nature even  
And opens in each heart a little Heaven."

—Prior, "Charity."

## Charity Ball

under the auspices of the

Hebrew Association  
of the Deaf.

INCORPORATED

to be held at

## Odd Fellows Mem. Hall

301-309 SCHERMERHORN STREET

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Sat. Eve., Jan. 21, 1928

ALEXANDER GOLFOGLE, Chairman.

(FULL PARTICULARS LATER)

## Second Annual Dance

tendered by the

## Silent Oriole Club

BALTIMORE

Saturday, Nov. 26, 1927

8:30 P.M. till midnight

## CHANGE'S HALL

North and Pennsylvania Aves.

Cars No. 2, 13, 18, 31 and 32 reach the Hall.

Ticket, 50 cents Good Music

under the auspices of the

LADIES' AUXILIARY

of the

LUTHERAN MISSION TO  
THE DEAF

in aid of the Building Fund

## St. Mark's Parish House

626 Bushwick Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

One block from Broadway and Myrtle Ave. L Station

Thursday and Friday Evenings

Saturday Afternoon and Evening

December 1, 2, 3, 1927

Admission, 10 Cents

Visitors are welcome to the club rooms  
516 N. Euclid St., on Sundays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays, at 7:30 P.M.MRS. LOUIS BROOKS, Chairlady,  
1042 Decatur St., Brooklyn, N. Y.